

14924 # k Jata (V.) #3

THE
PROLOGUE

To the last new Play

A Duke and no Duke.

Spoken by Mr. Jevon.

Gallants,

Who Would have thought to have seen so many here,
At such a Rambling season of the Year;
And what's more strange? all Well and Sound to the Eye,
Pray Gentlemen forgive me if I Lye.
I thought this Season to have turn'd *Physician*,
But now I see small hopes in that condition:
Yet how if I should hire a Black Flower'd *Jump*,
And plye at *Islington*, Doctor to *Sadlers Pump*.
But first let me Consult old *Erra Pater*,
And see what he advises in the Matter.

Let's see———

Venus and *Mars*, I find in *Aries* are,
In the Ninth *House*. a Damn'd dry Bobbing Year.
The price of *Mutton*, will run high 'tis thought,
And *Vizard Masks* will fall to ten a Groat.
The *Moon's* in *Scorpio's House* or *Capricorns*,
Friends of the City govern well your *Hornes*;
Your Wives will have a mighty Trade this Quarter,
I find they'll never leave their Natural *Charter*.
For once take my Advice as a true Friend,
When they a Walk to the new *Wells* pretend,
If you avoid your Sail, quick hasten after,
They use more ways to Cool, than Drinking *Water*.

THE
EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Haines.

Trapolin, suppos'd a *Duke*, in this place shows
Strange matters may depend on meer suppose.
One may suppose *Masks* chaff lov'd Nonsense Witty,
No Flattery at Court, nor *Whig* i'th' City
I am by one i'th' World supposed Pretty.
Fantasie digested unto Storms supposes,
Whereas you see no *Lillies* grow nor *Roses*.
So *Masks* for Beauty pass that want their
The Reverend *Cityzen*, Sixty and above,
That by poor inch of *Candle* buys his Love

Supposes that his Son and Heir he Got,
But Wife could tell that she supposes not.
The Trees by *Rosamonds* Pond, her Sins have known,
And tell-Tale Leaves, still stick upon the Gown:
Whilst the dull Sot, whilst he's a *Cuckold* made,
Supposes she's at *Church* Praying for Trade.
The Country Squire newly come to Town,
By Parents doom'd to a Lawyers daggl'd Gown.
supposes some Bright *Angel* he has gotten
In our Lewd Gallary, till proving Rotten:
His Study soon he leaves for Sweating Tubs,
And *Cook* and *Littleton*, for Doctor *Hobs*.
Nor had Dull *Cit* sent Spouse to Drink the *Waters*,
So found her helping to us Sons and Daughters.
Had he suppos'd when e're her Belly Swells,
There must be something in't besides the *Wells*.
Ther's no Man there had Married I'me afraid,
Had he not first suppos'd his Wife a Maid:
For 'tis Opinion must our Peace secure,
For no Experiment can dot I'me sure.
In Paths of Love no Foot-steps e're were Trac'd,
All we can do is to suppose her Chast;
For Women are of that deep subtile kind,
The more we dive to Know, the less we find.
Ab Ladies! what strange Fate still Rules us Men?
For whilst we Wisely would escape the *Gin*,
A kind suppose still draws the *Wedlock* in:
In all Affairs 'tis so, the Lawyers Baul,
And with damn'd Noise and Nonsense fill the *Hall*.
Supposing after Seven Years being a Drudge,
'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge.
The Parson too that Prays against ill Weathers
That thumps the Cushion till he leaves no *Feathers*.
would let his Flock I fear grow very Lean,
Without suppose at least of being a *Dean*.
All things are helpt out by suppose, but Wit
That we cannot now suppose to get.
Unless a kind suppose your Minds possess,
For on that Charm depends our Play's Success.
Then tho you like it not, Sirs don't Disclose it,
But if you think it Bad, pray Good suppose it.